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MEMORIAL

OF THE

BATES FAMILY.

THIS BOOK DOES NOT
CIRCULATE

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CIRCULATE

Emma M Williams

From her Uncle James L Bates.

Feb 28/1886

MEMORIAL

OF THE

BATES FAMILY;

BY

JAMES L. BATES.

COLUMBUS, O.:
OHIO STATE JOURNAL JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.
1884.

A DESIRE to know something of their ancestors is common to all men, and such incidents even as are of no interest to the public, but which illustrate character or exhibit peculiarities, are prized by those who are connected by blood or family ties. To gratify this common desire, and to preserve some such incidents, I will endeavor to present, in a familiar and narrative form, such facts relating to several members of our family as I have been able to gather from the sources within my reach.

JAMES L. BATES.

COLUMBUS, O., 1884.

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THE BATES FAMILY.

THE family emigrated from England, as near as I have been able to ascertain, about the middle or in the latter half of the seventeenth century. They landed in Boston, and there separated. One branch went to New Jersey, and subsequently some of its members settled in Rochester, New York. I have heard, and think it probable, that a branch settled in Virginia. Those from whom we are descended remained in New England, and were among the first inhabitants of Durham, Connecticut.

In tracing our descent from the early settlers of Durham, much information has been derived from the published records of that town. From them my wife has collated and prepared the following statement:

"The town of Durham was not settled by emigrants direct from the old country, but by

the children or descendants of such emigrants, who had settled in the neighboring towns. The original or Indian name of the territory was 'Coginchaug.' In 1704 it was changed to Durham by an Act of the General Assembly.

"The first settler in Durham was Caleb Seward, who removed there from Guilford, probably, where he was soon joined by his brother Joseph, both of whom are spoken of as sons of 'William, the emigrant'—(Hist. of D., p. 182). It is with Joseph that we are chiefly concerned. He was born in Guilford, Conn., in 1655, and died February 14th, 1732, aged 77. He was the first physician in Durham, and in the history he is spoken of as 'a leading man in civil matters.' It is added that 'he had nine children.' The names of seven are given, but no further mention is made of them except that 'Patience (one of them) married Stephen Bates December 29th, 1715.' From the Proprietors' Record (p. 343) we get the further information that they 'were married by James Wadsworth, Justice of the Peace.' This is the first mention we have of

this ancestor, Stephen Bates. The only other information bearing on his origin is that among the early settlers of Durham, who joined the Sewards and their companions a little after their settling in the place, were the 'Bateses from Haddam' (p. 21). This marriage took place fifteen years after the settling of Durham, and Patience was, therefore, born before coming there, probably in Guilford.

"Stephen and Patience Bates had ten children:

"Patience—born January 11th, 1717 (p. 347); baptized May 5th, 1717 (p. 255).

"Anna—baptized February 8th, 1719 (p. 256).

"Anna—born February 5th, 1720 (p. 347).

"Stephen and Lucy—baptized February 12th, 1721 (p. 257).

"STEPHEN—born and baptized March 20th, 1722-3 (p. 258 and 347).

"Lucy—baptized April 4th, 1724 (p. 260).

"Eph.—baptized August 3d, 1729 (p. 264).

"Mary—born June 11th, 1732 (p. 354); baptized same day (p. 267).

"Oliver—born August 26th, 1734 (p. 356); baptized September 1st, 1734 (p. 269).

"We notice by the above record and many others in the same book, that usually but a few days elapsed between the birth and baptism of children, and must conclude that the infant was, in that early time, taken to the church for baptism before the mother was able to present it herself. We may, also, almost conclude that 'Baptismal Regeneration' was a doctrine of the Congregational Church, as, many times the reason for private and early baptism is given, that the child was 'likely to die.' Another startling statement meets our eyes in the records of baptism by Rev. Mr. Chauncey (p. 289). It reads thus:

"July 16, 1749—Phillis, negro child of Stephen and Patience Bates."

"This is pretty clear proof that these venerable ancestors were slaveholders.

STEPHEN AND LOIS BATES.

"Stephen, the fifth child of Stephen and Patience Bates, married some one named

Lois, but her last name cannot be found, nor any record of their marriage. It is inferred that she came from one of the neighboring Towns, and that the records of that Town would supply the missing facts.

"The records of Durham give the following as the children of Stephen and Lois Bates:

"PHINEAS—born July 26, 1749 (p. 381); baptized July 30, 1749 (p. 289).

"Linus—born September 6, 1751 (p. 381); baptized September 8, 1751 (p. 292).

Lois—born January 7, 1754 (p. 381); baptized January 13, 1754 (p. 295).

"Phebe—born February 4, 1756 (p. 381); baptized February 8, 1756 (p. 298).

"Stephen—born July 10, 1759 (p. 381;) baptized July 29, 1759 (p. 309).

PHINEAS AND ESTHER BATES.

"Phineas, the eldest child of Stephen and Lois Bates, married Esther Curtiss December 5, 1771 (p. 331).

"Esther Curtiss was the daughter of David and Thankful Curtiss, and was born Novem-

ber 15, 1751 (p. 353). David Curtiss was the son of James and Hannah Curtiss. Thankful Curtiss' maiden name was Thankful Thompson (p. 352).

"This Phineas Bates, the son of Stephen and Lois, and grand-son of Stephen and Patience Bates, was deprived of his father at an early age. He was, probably, not over ten or twelve years old. His father died when on the road to Quebec during the French and Indian war. He was a common soldier, and died on the way, and not in battle. Wolf was killed, and Quebec taken, in September, 1759. The death of Stephen—the precise date of which is not known—was the occasion of the breaking up of the little family left behind, and of the Trustees of the Town taking the training of Phineas into their hands. It was, also, doubtless, one cause of the want of knowledge of the ancestors of the family by this child, which want is in part supplied by the 'History of Durham'."

I now leave the records of Durham, to present such fragments of information in regard

to our grand-parents and their descendants as are within my recollection, and such as I have been able to procure from other members of the family, and particularly from my cousin, Mr. Alfred G. Bates. As stated in the preceding records (p. 7), Phineas Bates and Esther Curtiss were married in Durham, December 5, A. D. 1771. They were my grandparents, and are referred to as such in the following narrative—

Early in the year 1772 they left Durham for Granville, Massachusetts, where they resided a few years, and then removed to Hartland, Connecticut. They remained in Hartland through the Revolution, and until the year 1791.

A short time previous to 1791, the State of Massachusetts sold to Phelps and Gorham a large portion of what was known as the "Genesee" country, in Western New York. It was in a great measure unexplored, and entirely uninhabited, except by Indians. It was covered by a dense forest, in which there were no roads and few "traces" or "trails." A large portion of the New Englanders were poor, and

the Genesee lands were cheap. To remove there, clear away the forest and fit the land for cultivation, required enterprise, courage and endurance. "The way was long," and led through a trackless wilderness, where there was no subsistence but game, and where there were no inhabitants but savages.

In the early part of the Summer of 1789, Grandfather and Gamaliel Wilder went to the Geensee country on foot, and made a commencement at what was afterwards called Wilder's Point, in Bristol. It is now called Seneca Point, is on the west side of the lake, and about half way up from Canandaigua. Grandfather returned to Connecticut in the Fall. In January of 1790 he purchased a farm in the Phelps and Gorham tract. It was a part of lot No. 8 and range 3, and lies on the south side of Main street in Canandaigua, and opposite the Granger residence.

Early in the Spring of 1790, Grandfather, his son-in-law, Orange Brace, his son Stephen and several others, started for "the West" with a yoke of oxen, a sled, some provisions and

household goods. They reached Schenectady without difficulty, as there were roadways and inhabitants on the route to that place. At Schenectady they left the sled and unyoked the cattle, as the forest was so dense they could not conveniently travel together. They loaded on a bateau, or raft, what they could not carry in knapsacks, and followed the Mohawk as far as Utica. There were a few log houses at that place, one of which was a store containing, as my father said, about enough goods to pack a single horse. At Onondaga Grandfather purchased half a bushel of potatoes, and fastened them to the neck of one of the oxen. From this point their precise route is not certainly known. There is, however, much reason to believe they followed the outlets of Cayuga, Seneca and Canandaigua lakes. They camped out at night, as there were no inhabitants but Indians, and few, if any, of their settlements were in the path of the pioneers. During that season the potatoes were planted, and ten acres of land were cleared and sowed with wheat.

Late in the Fall or in the early part of Win-

ter, Grandfather, his son Stephen and three others started on their way back to Connecticut. When but a short distance on their journey it commenced to snow. The snow fell so rapidly as to impede their progress and render their traveling very laborious. They were soon compelled to walk in single file, the leader breaking the track until he was much fatigued, when he would step to the rear, and the next one would take his place. Not anticipating such a storm and the delay occasioned by it, their supplies were exhausted, and hunger and weakness were added to cold and fatigue. At "Nine Mile Creek" their dog found and attacked an otter, but he was so weakened by hunger and fatigue that he required aid to kill it. The hunger of the travelers was so great, that they cooked and ate the unpalatable flesh of the otter. This Winter of 1790–91 was long remembered, and known as "the Winter of the deep snow." Familiarity with hardships and unimpaired constitutions prevented any evil consequences from this exposure and suffering.

In February, 1791, Grandfather and all his

family left Hartland, and made the long journey to Canandaigua in the Winter and on a sled. They were the seventh family in the new settlement. His first journey out (in 1789) preceded, by a few weeks, that of the Wadsworths, who settled in Geneseo, and at that time there were, probably, no settlers in Canandaigua.

The family occupied a cabin on their arrival, which was built the preceding season. Not many years later, a frame building was erected, in which Grandfather kept a "public house" until the marriage of his son Phineas. He was a carpenter and an excellent workman. He did not work at his trade, after leaving New England, except in the construction of his own buildings. From a book of miscellaneous records, quoted by J. Albert Granger, in his address of July 4, 1876, delivered at Canandaigua, it appears that Grandfather was Sheriff previous to 1804. He was also a Magistrate. Both offices were filled at that time by the appointment of the Governor and Council. At the organization of the Congregational Church in Canandaigua, he was appointed one of the trus-

tees, and both he and his wife were members of that church from that time during their lives.

He died in 1829, at the advanced age of 81, and, as Dr. Eddy said in his funeral discourse, "without an enemy in the world." Though he came to Western New York so early, when there was scarcely a white inhabitant west of Utica, and when there were no improvements, he lived to see it all settled—the Erie canal finished, and the commerce of the West floating through it to New York.

He was of medium height, "square built," muscular, lithe and powerful. He was mild in his temper and disposition—generous and hospitable—clear in his convictions, and frank in the avowal of them—just to all men—and so incapable of dishonesty that he was hardly suspicious enough of others. He had good conversational powers, and was fond of anecdote. His habits of industry adhered to him to the end of his life, and to such a degree that his sons were sometimes apprehensive he would injure himself.

Esther Curtis, according to the ideas which

were entertained at that early period in a New England farming town, was an heiress. She possessed, in her own right, a cow, a bed, a set of knives and forks, some spoons and chairs, and a small amount of money. Grandfather had nothing but willing hands, a stout heart, good habits, and a pleasing face and person. With these Esther was satisfied, but her friends were not, and though there was no active or violent opposition, the dissatisfaction was open and evident, and was probably one cause of their removal to Granville, Mass. This opposition, and the cause of it, was the subject of merriment all their lives.

She was a short woman, with a clear complexion and rosy cheeks, which she retained until her death; with black eyes, which were brilliant to an extraordinary degree—all of which relieved Grandfather from the charge of thinking of her property when he was addressing her. She must have been good looking if not beautiful. She is represented as being very conscientious, prompt in the discharge of all duties, charitable and kind to others; as hav-

ing a clear and strong mind and restless energy. She lived to the age of 77. After retiring at night as usual, she died without a struggle or a groan, by the side of her husband, and without his knowledge, until his attention was called to it in the morning. The two were admirably adapted to each other, and few married lives were happier than theirs. They bore each other's burdens and shared each other's joys. They "clamb the hill" and "tottered down" hand in hand, and with the same faith passed from death unto life.

Mr. Joseph Garlinghouse related to me an anecdote of Grandfather, which I have no doubt is authentic. Being a Magistrate, he was authorized to solemnize marriages, and as he was occasionally required to officiate in that capacity, he prepared a form which coucluded with pronouncing the couple "man and wife in the presence of God and these witnesses." On one occasion, not observing that no one was present but his son Asher, he pronounced the pair "man and wife in the presence of God"—and then, looking to one side and the other and

seeing no one but his son, added, "and Asher."

The following incidents, if they serve no other purpose, may illustrate the difficulties and dangers attending the early settlement of the "Genesee country:"

Grandfather pointed out to his grandson, Alfred, a stump near the house, the top of which had been hollowed out, and on which, with a pounder moved up and down by a spring-pole, like a well-sweep, they made their corn-meal and samp.

One of the first articles of furniture made in Western New York was made for Grandmother, and is now in the possession of her grand-daughter, Mrs. Armstrong, of Detroit. The cherry lumber of which it was made was cut near the cabin, and was sawed into boards by hand. A pit was dug, the log rolled over it, and a man in the pit and one on the log drew the saw up and down.

Not many years since, a barn was standing on the place which was built by Grandfather, and the shingles on one side of the roof were

fastened with wooden pins, because nails could not be procured.

For a number of years after their arrival, the first settlers, who had live stock, were compelled to cut their hay and winter their horses and cattle on what were called the "flats" of the Genesee River, which were twenty or thirty miles distant. And marvelous stories were told by those who cut the hay, as to the number of rattlesnakes which infested the "flats."

Old Mrs. Sanborn, who was one of the earliest settlers, told me that during the year previous to the arrival of her husband and family, the inhabitants lived principally on game, and had no salt. They brought with them a barrel of salt pork. Soon after their arrival, nearly every family in the settlement was represented around the wagon they were unloading. When the barrel of pork was produced, they looked at it and walked about it with a sort of fascination. At last one of them, who had an axe on his shoulder, brought it down and knocked the head in, and amid the laughter and with

the assent of the owners, each seized a piece and ran home.

The following incident was related by my Father, who knew the man, and mentioned his name, which I have forgotten:

The man was walking along a narrow path, where the wood was very dense. At a sharp turn he roused a black bear lying beside a log. They were within a few feet of each other, and were mutually surprised. The man was courageous and powerful. He had no weapon but his knife, which he carried in his belt. Neither could well retreat, and the bear instantly rose on his hind feet and stepped towards his adversary. There was no alternative but to close. The bear clasped him, and he the bear. The bear struggled to bite his shoulders and neck, and tear his body with his hind feet. The man could only prevent such fatal consequences by holding the bear close to him by main force, and seizing every opportunity to use his knife. In this way they struggled a considerable time, and the knife was freely used when the right hand of the man could be

for an instant spared. At last the man became exhausted, and could recollect nothing further except that he released his hold. A short time after, he was found sitting on a log very bloody and unconscious. Some of the entrails and blood of the bear were on the ground, and by these he was traced a short distance, where he was found dead. When the man released his hold, the bear did the same. The man fell or settled on a log, and the bear walked away to die.

Previous to 1794 the Indians were hostile. The whites were very apprehensive of a massacre, and although they concealed their suspicions, they kept their arms in readiness. Wayne's victory over the Miamis, in August of that year, subdued the Six Nations as well as the Western Indians. I have often heard of the anxiety of the settlers at that period.

The dependence upon each other, which was felt and appreciated by all, created strong attachments, and made neighbors of those who lived many miles apart. Hospitality was universal. Any one who needed accommodation

was welcomed to their humble homes. Those who lived until the country was thickly settled, and the customs of society had changed with the change in circumstances, longed for the hearty greeting, the warm attachments, the considerate kindness, and the neighborly feelings which were, in a good measure, superseded by more refined manners and polished usages.

CHILDREN OF PHINEAS AND ESTHER CURTIS BATES.

Sarah—born in Granville, Mass., October 25th, 1772.

Stephen—born in Granville, Mass., August 28th, 1773. My Grandfather Emma Jr Williams

Asher—born in Hartland, Conn., 1778.

Phineas—born in Hartland, Conn., December 26th, 1781.

Phebe — born in Hartland, Conn., May, 1786.

David C.—born in Canandaigua, February 18th, 1794.

SARAH BATES.

On the 8th of November, 1787, Sarah married Orange Brace in Hartland, Conn. She and her husband removed with her parents to Western New York. It is stated in Turner's "Phelps and Gorham's Purchase" that Mr. Brace in 1806 "became one of the earliest settlers upon the purchase of Phelps and Chipman, in Shelden, Wyoming county." And in a note the author says: "The pioneer and a son both died on the frontier, where they had gone under Smyth's proclamation, in the war of 1812. Another son and a daughter died about the same period. Toward the close of the war, a son-in-law, Ardin Merrill, was killed on board of a ferry-boat, at the Canada landing, opposite Black Rock. Many households of all the Genesee country were thinned by disease and deaths upon battle-grounds during the war, but there were few, if any, hearthstones made as desolate as was theirs. Leicester Brace, of Buffalo, late Sheriff of Erie county, is a surviving son of Orange Brace, and a surviving son and daughter reside in Illinois."

Mrs. Brace afterwards married a Mr. Herrick, and died June 24th, 1836. I do not remember to have seen her.

STEPHEN BATES (MY FATHER).

When a boy in Hartland, he availed himself of the only means, within his reach, of obtaining a little education. There was a physician in the Town who, for some reason, was much attached to him, and during one or two winters he took care of the Doctor's horse, and the Doctor taught him reading, writing and arithmetic. He was keen to learn, and made the most of his opportunity. I often heard him speak of that doctor with affection. He mentioned his name, but I have, unfortunately, forgotten it.

He was eighteen years old when the family reached Canandaigua. Before he was of age, he aided in clearing the road-way of Main street, and I believe he had the contract for opening the road to Geneva. He certainly worked on it. About the year 1832 I was riding with him along that road, and he pointed

out the high places where they camped, so as to avoid the water. He also directed my attention to some of the finest wheat fields I ever saw, and remarked that when the road was cut through, that land was regarded as worthless, because it was so wet.

He was afterwards engaged in business which required him to travel much of his time. When traveling he often stopped at the Indian villages for the night. Wherever he was at nightfall, there he was compelled to stay, as the paths could not be followed in the dark. On such occasions he would, if possible, find a log, strip off pieces of the bark, and lay one end of each piece on the log and the other on the ground, until there was sufficient to cover him, kindle a fire at one end, secure his horse so that he could browse but could not get far away, creep under the bark shelter with his feet to the fire, and sleep until morning. There were no matches in those days, but each traveler carried a "tinder-box." It was a long tin box with a cover, and a steel wheel at one end. The tinder, a flint and a string were kept

in the box. With the string the wheel was made to revolve rapidly, and when revolving, the flint was put in contact with it, so that the sparks would strike and ignite the tinder. Cinder of burned linen, and some kinds of dry rotten wood, as well as other substances, were used for tinder.

It was about this period that he became well acquainted with the celebrated Indian chiefs, Red Jacket and Farmer's Brother. He heard Red Jacket deliver some of his famous orations. He described him as a graceful and impressive speaker. He always rose with his arms folded on his chest, but as he became animated they were used in gestures to give point to his expressions. He spoke of him as a natural orator whose whole person aided in giving force to his thoughts; and added that he was treacherous and deceitful, and also that he was very intemperate and cowardly.

The Farmer's Brother possessed as much talent as Red Jacket. One of his speeches, which was carefully reported, is quite equal, if not superior, to any of his more celebrated co-

temporary. He was brave, of good habits, honorable and truthful. When the Indians came to the white settlements to make a treaty, receive their pay, or for any other purpose, they would often get drunk and become dangerous. On such occasions the Farmer's Brother was sought and enquired of, whether the Indians could be controlled, and his answers were always relied on by the whites.

Father said he had the most majestic bearing of any man he ever saw. His carriage when walking along the street always arrested attention, and few could pass him without involuntarily exhibiting some mark of respect. Father's expressions were so strong that I supposed they proceeded in part from partiality and personal attachment to him. But in his biography I find a letter from the Hon. Albert H. Tracy, in which he speaks of "his majestic mien and princely bearing," "the power and deep-toned melody of his voice;" of his being "unrivalled as a warrior and only equalled by Red Jacket in eloquence;" and of "his fidelity to truth and generous magnanimity."

In 1795, at the age of twenty-two, Stephen was married to Naomi Handy, who lived about twelve miles from Canandaigua, and near West Bloomfield. There was scarcely a passable wagon-way to where Deacon Handy lived, and there was therefore no comfortable mode of getting his bride to Canandaigua except on horseback.

When I was studying law and boarding at Mrs. Sanborn's, the old lady informed me that at that early day she owned the only side-saddle in the settlement, and that she could not lend it, as that would be equivalent to depriving herself of it altogether. Still, as a special favor, she departed from her rule, and lent her saddle for the accommodation of the bride; and she added that they were "the handsomest couple in the settlement."

In 1800 father procured the contract for carrying the mail from Canandaigua to Fort Niagara. The mails in those days were not very large. The contents were sometimes all carried in a pocketbook. Uncle Phineas carried the mail, and was six days going and coming.

One of his stopping places was among the Indians at Tonewanda.

In 1802 and 1803 Father was engaged in some business which rendered it necessary for him to go to Canada. I think he was dealing in or driving cattle. In those days there were no banks or other facilities, such as we now have, for the transaction of business; consequently, each person who had any business to transact at a distant settlement, availed himself of the service of any reliable acquaintance who expected to go to and return from such settlement, on his own account.

Some one who was living in Canandaigua, and whose name I have forgotten, had a claim on some one in Canada for a sum of money, and entrusted it to Father for collection. He went to Canada, collected the money, and returned. One evening, shortly after his return, the owner of the money called, and they sat down at a table in one of the rooms in Grandfather's house to count it and settle. No one was present but the parties. Bates Cook, of Lewiston, who was boarding there, passed

through the room once or twice while they were settling. The money was counted, and Father stepped into an adjoining room to get some paper and other writing materials. While he was gone the owner seized the money and went out rapidly. On his return, Father comprehended the situation, and followed. He overtook the man just as he was passing through a gate. He laid hold of him roughly, and Grandfather, hearing a noise, ran out with a candle, which he held while Father got possession of the money. The next day it was reported through the settlement that "Stephen Bates had committed robbery, and his father held a candle to aid him." A malignant lawyer conspired with the owner of the money, and the charge was formally made before a Magistrate. Father appeared, with Mother by his side. The evidence for the prosecution was introduced. The defendant declined making any defense, knowing, as he supposed, what would be the result. The Justice commenced some remarks of censure, when Father sprang to his feet, and told him to bind him over, if he

thought it his duty to do so, but not one word of censure or reproof would be tolerated. Mother burst into tears, apprehending something serious, and the Magistrate bound him over in the fewest words possible.

Father was indicted, and subsequently tried before Judge Lewis. On the trial, all the facts came out, and in his charge to the jury, the Judge was so severe in his comments on the conduct of the attorney, that he left the court room. Father was acquitted at once, and the lawyer left the place not long after.

This incident brought Father into notice, and was the means of his subsequent official employment.

The year of the trial, or the next, Judge Lewis was elected Governor, and at that time the Governor appointed the Sheriffs and most other county officers. Not long after he was inaugurated, the office of Sheriff of Ontario county became vacant, and with little if any knowledge of Father, except what he obtained at the time of the trial—on the 13th of March, 1806, he commissioned him Sheriff of that county.

The county then contained much more territory than it does now. It extended to Lake Ontario on the north, and included most, if not all, of the territory west to Buffalo. The number of inhabitants was small, but the distances were so great as to require much traveling.

He was reappointed in 1808 and 1811. In the latter year he moved to a farm which he had previously purchased, situated about three miles east, on the road to Geneva. That year he built the two-story part of the house now standing on the place. It was a beautiful farm, and was made very attractive by excellent cultivation, and the complete order in which he kept his house, his barns, fences, and fields. On this farm eight children grew up to manhood and womanhood, and, now, in 1884, I only am left.

In 1813 or '14, he was elected a member of the Assembly. Before the session was far advanced, he became uneasy and dissatisfied, and I heard him say he thought seriously of resigning. He was unwilling to retain his seat and do nothing but vote, and his lack of early edu-

cation and discipline deterred him from undertaking any important legislation. These doubts were settled by his conclusion to remain and make an effort to remedy an evil which had been often brought to his notice while he was acting as Sheriff.

The jurisdiction of Magistrates, previous to that time, was limited to twenty-five dollars, and men of small means, and who consequently dealt in a small way, were often compelled to assert their rights in the higher courts, and at such an expense, as to amount to a denial of justice. He thought the jurisdiction should be increased to fifty dollars. He therefore prepared a bill as well as he was able, but before introducing it he called on his friend Chancellor Kent, and requested him to examine it. The Chancellor said to him that he was right in what he wished to accomplish, but most of the attorneys in the State would oppose him. He examined the bill, and made no alteration except in one section, which he improved. The bill was introduced, and after a long struggle, which gave its author as much employ-

ment as he desired, it passed both Houses, and became a law.

Shortly after his return home, he went into the court-house, court being in session, and one of the attorneys being engaged in discussing this law, and seeing the author of it, became very severe in his denunciation of the "fifty dollar act"—a name by which it was known for many years—and especially of one provision, which happened to be that which the Chancellor had re-drawn. Father took great pleasure in informing him soon after, whose work he had been denouncing.

He was elected to the Senate in 1815, and re-elected in 1817. At one of these sessions he occupied a seat near Martin Van Buren, and contracted a very strong dislike to him, on account of his want of frankness and sincerity.

He was also an Associate Judge, but I do not know at what period.

While he was Sheriff he formed the acquaintance of Judge Ambrose Spencer, whom he admired very much, and often said of him, that he had the most vigorous intellect of any

man he ever knew. When spending an evening at the Judge's house in Albany, the settlement of his son (John C. Spencer) was discussed, and Father's urgent solicitation was the principal means of inducing him to settle in Canandaigua. After his arrival he and his wife lived in Father's family a considerable time.

Father was an earnest advocate of Clinton's canal policy, and was very efficient in moulding public sentiment on that subject. In 1819 he was a member of the Council of Appointment, and Clinton was Governor. They became strong personal friends, and corresponded many years. At one time Father's letters were intercepted, and the contents made public. He became satisfied they were opened in the post-office. Complaint was made to the Postmaster-General McLean. Means of detection were immediately adopted, and the faithless officer was discovered. He has been dead many years, and has descendants living, on whose account his name may as well be suppressed. Father did not know how the detection was accom-

plished, until I was informed by Judge McLean at Columbus.

Not long prior to 1825 he was engaged at work on the New York Canal. His first job was at Port Gibson, a little east of Palmyra. While the work was in progress, some earth caved off the bank, and broke the leg of one of the laborers. He was put in a cart on his back, and on the way to the boarding house, while my brother was holding the leg, Father reduced the fracture of the thigh, and held it firmly until the man was put on his bed, when he splintered and bandaged it. He then sent for a surgeon, who, on his arrival, and after an examination, said there was nothing for him to do. His knowledge of such things was obtained by being present with surgeons in the early settlement of the country—and particularly with Doctor Jacobs—who often called on father to aid him when performing surgical operations.

He afterwards contracted for another job on what was called the "mountain," near Lockport. The cutting was through solid rock.

There was no settlement at Lockport except possibly a few cabins. He built a log house near his work, a mile or two out of Lockport, and Mother kept house there while the work was in progress. My oldest brother Philo carried on the farm. The canal laborers were all Irish, and of the lowest grade. They lived in the rudest manner, in very poor cabins, some without floors, and all without a mark of civilization. They had many riots, and when excited, were dangerous. In their battles at night some were killed, but the bodies were concealed, and the slayers were never identified. Father sent home for fire-arms, and when the Irish were informed of it they kept away from his house, as their weapons were exclusively clubs, and they stood in awe of a gun. The Irish disliked the Americans, and at the same time feared them. They had no ingenuity and no skill. They worked to advantage only as they were taught. On one occasion Father wished to move a stick of timber in the bed of the canal, and after fixing the levers, placing several men, and giving specific directions, their

awkwardness was such that they could not stir it. Just then he saw Jonathan (his American) on the bank—called him down—ordered the Irishmen to stand back in rather an ungracious way, and told Jonathan what he wished done. With a lever and a little skill the stick was soon moved. The Irishmen mistook the skill for strength, and after that stood in awe of the "Yankee," as they called him. Although the work was difficult, and attended with danger, the year spent there was a pleasant one. The contractors were intelligent men, and made a pleasant society. They were the superiors of Bouck, who was then Canal Commissioner, and afterwards Governor, and made him the butt of much ridicule and sport. The work was heavy and difficult, but the profits were large.

Soon after he left the canal he entered into a contract with the government to quarry stone at Port Deposite, on the Chesapeake Bay, to be used in building the fortifications at Fortress Monroe. He and my brother Stephen spent a year there. The place was very unhealthy, and both came home sick. Father had what

I suppose was yellow fever. I well remember his dangerous illness. He was saved by the careful nursing of Dr. Moses Atwater, who had retired from the practice, but who came and watched with him as a friend.

After his return from Maryland he was offered, at the suggestion of Gov. Clinton, the superintendency of some of the work around the Falls of Louisville. He, however, feared the unhealthiness of the place, and declined it.

He remained on his farm until about 1832, when he sold it, and purchased a mill on the Outlet, five miles north from Canandaigua. This was before the age of railroads, and the flouring business, owing to the slow mode of geting the product to market, and the impossibility of doing so at all a part of the year, was very precarious. He and many other western millers were caught several times with a falling market, and he was left with but a small portion of a reasonable fortune. While living at the mill, he was riding towards Canandaigua, when the ground was frozen, and was run against by a lumber wagon,

thrown from his sulky, and seriously hurt, three ribs having been separated from his spine, and internal injuries produced. He was regarded as incurable by the physicians, and his brothers thought he could not recover. He alone thought he would. Dr. Jacobs, who was then deranged, heard of it, procured his surgical instruments, announced that he was "going down to take out some ribs from the side of Judge Bates," rode down on a flour wagon, called at the house, and was met at the door by my Mother, who asked him in. After he entered the sick room the subject of extracting the ribs was not alluded to. He examined the patient with unusual care, asking many pertinent questions. When he had finished he told Father he was badly hurt; he would be confined a considerable time, but would ultimately recover. He then made a prescription, and with his case of instruments in his hand, returned to Canandaigua. His prescription was followed, and approved by the other physicians.

I watched with him several nights, and al-

though he was suffering much, he could not withhold the expression of humorous thoughts. And when he saw me suppressing laughter, he told me to laugh as much as I pleased, that it would do him more good than to see my sober face.

Though he lived many years afterwards, he never recovered from the effects of the injury.

In the spring of 1845 he removed to Wisconsin, with his youngest son Curtis, and died at Sauk City in the Fall of the same year, aged 72.

He was a little above the average height, and was well proportioned. His eyes and complexion were much like those of his mother. He had a strong and logical mind, and was noted for terse and vigorous expressions. In the middle and latter part of his life he wrote many articles for publication. He was inclined in them, and in conversation, to sarcasm and severity. He was fond of humor, and told many good stories. He was very hospitable, and especially kind to those who were reduced in circumstances, and had seen better

days. Many such were entertained at his house. His manners can very properly be termed courtly. He had a pleasant smile for those whom he esteemed, but was very cold to those whom he disliked, and could not conceal his feelings from them.

A year or two ago, Mr. Oliver Babcock, who then lived on a farm a few miles from our old home, and was about 90 years old, said to me that one of the happiest years of his life was 1811, during which he worked for Father. He spoke with much feeling of the affectionate kindness of Mother, and added that he owed all he had to the advice and assistance of Father, and that that kind of interest in those in his employ was habitual with him.

He joined the Masons early in life, and took the first degrees. He withdrew, by not attending a lodge, some twenty years before the abduction of Morgan. He withdrew because he saw the signs used in the court room between parties and jurors. The same reason induced him to dissuade his sons from joining the order.

THE HANDY FAMILY.

The Handy family, it is believed, came from England. The first one of whom anything is known was Richard, of Killingworth, Conn. He had a son Richard, who married Anna Parmele. They had a large family, of whom the oldest was Jarius, who was born July 27, 1734. He married Naomi Ward, who was born January 1, 1737. They had a numerous family, of whom the eldest was Samuel (my grandfather), who was born at Old Killingworth, Conn., June 18, 1756.

I have been unable to trace the maternal line of my mother's ancestors beyond John Hall, who lived to a great age in Guilford, Conn. His first child was Philemon, who married Sarah Page. They had eight children, the oldest of whom was Sarah, who was born at Guilford in August, 1758.

My grandfather Samuel Handy, the son of Jarius and Naomi, was married at Guilford, Conn., to my grandmother Sarah Hall, the daughter of Philemon and Sarah, about 1772 or '73.

Jarius Handy (my great-grandfather), and his family moved from New England about the year 1791 to Paris, near Utica, N. Y. They afterwards, with their son Joy, removed to Fredonia, in the Genessee country. There Jarius died. His wife (my great-grandmother), then went to Ashtabula county, Ohio, where she died in 1824, at the age of 94. During the latter part of her life, and until a few years of her death, she was very much bent with age and rheumatism, and had nearly lost her faculties. Some two or three years before she died, when she supposed herself failing, and near her end, she revived, recovered her sight, her form became straight, her voice returned, so that her singing attracted the neighbors, and her hair commenced growing out in its original brown color. These facts were related to me by her grandson, William Handy, who was then living at Euclid, near Cleveland.

At the commencement of the revolution Grandfather enlisted for six months, and then for the war. His brother William afterwards joined him. They were both small men, and

when William enlisted, fearing he would be rejected for not being of the standard height, he stood on a small rise in the ground, or on a piece of wood, to increase it.

When he enlisted, Grandfather left his wife and a small child at Guilford, where she maintained herself by the strictest economy and hard labor. For safety she moved to a log house in the hills back of the village. Grandfather was Second Quartermaster. He was small, but remarkable for fully developed muscles, and was noted for his fleetness. He was was called "Flying Handy."

At one time, when the army was encamped sixty miles from Guilford, he obtained a furlough of two days, and walked, or rather ran, home in one day, spent the night with his family, went back to the camp, and answered at roll-call the next evening. His activity and extraordinary endurance continued until he was advanced in age. When an old man he walked much more rapidly than a majority of young men.

He served through the revolution, and was

present when the army was disbanded. He received a certificate of discharge and a badge of merit, both of which were filled up and signed by Washington. They are now in my possession, with the gun which he carried.

About the year 1792, Grandfather and his family left Guilford for the "Genesee country." When they reached the Mohawk River, he built a raft, and they traveled to Utica by the slow process of poling their craft though the deep water, and unloading and lifting it over the shallow places. This journey my mother remembered perfectly. They remained in Utica about a year, until there was a wagon-way cut through the forest. They then traveled on, and settled about twelve miles west of Canandaigua, and a mile or two east of West Bloomfield, on a small farm purchased by Grandfather. For a number of years he carried on his business of tanner and currier and shoemaker in connection with his farm, but he gradually gave up the former, and attended exclusively to the latter. He remained on this farm until Grandmother's death, when he sold

it, and lived with his son in Palmyra, where he died in October, 1838, aged 82.

He was a pleasant and mild-tempered man, and during a large portion of his life was an active and conscientious Christian. He was a deacon in the church, and often conducted meetings. His influence was always good. He and Grandmother had the early New England habit of observing as Sunday the time from sundown on Saturday night until sundown on Sunday night. They generally called on their neighbors or received visits from them on Sunday evenings, when Grandmother would engage in knitting or some other light work.

Grandmother had but little early education, but she was above the average of her class in mind and character. Though they were poor, and she had the charge of a family, she acquired considerable education, gathered information by reading, and was a pleasant companion in whatever society she happened to be. They both died after a good life's work had been done. Their dispositions, their journey

together, and their children made their long lives happy. They are buried side by side in the cemetery at West Bloomfield.

NAOMI HANDY BATES (MY MOTHER).

Some years ago, when I was at Uncle Phineas', near Canandaigua, I rode over with him to the farm of Capt. Wilder, who was probably a son of Gamaliel Wilder. The Captain was then over 80 years of age. When I was introduced to him he said, "I knew your Mother before she was married. I saw her at a dance at—a house which he named, but which I have forgotten—and she was the spryest and best dancer of the company."

She was married at the age of 18, and immediately removed to Canandaigua. Her life there was like that of other early and pushing pioneers. After 1811, when they moved on to the farm east of Canandaigua, her cares and responsibilities were greatly increased.

My earliest recollection is of a large kitchen, containing an area of at least 20 feet square. Adjoining one side was a well and sink room,

a large buttery or milk room, and a flour and meal room. Against the back of the room was an immense fire place, in which was burned wood, four and five feet long. On the crane always hung a large kettle of hot water. Before this fire the cooking was all done. And in the winter, after tea, a large fire was built, and the family gathered around it, often with a pitcher of cider, a basket of apples, and a plate of dough-nuts or fried-cakes on the hearth. Reading, jokes, and merriment were the order until the hour for retiring. There was a kind of innocent pleasure enjoyed then, which the changed condition of the country and society forbid should be enjoyed again.

The hard labor incident to a large family was mostly done in that room, and Mother, though a small and delicate woman, and generally supplied with help, directed and led in all the household affairs. Here was made the butter and cheese, here the work incident to butchering was done, and the supplies and preserves all prepared. Sixty years ago she annually put away in bottles, hermetically sealed,

green currants, which were kept until the next year, and then made into pies after the old fruit was gone, and before the new was matured. This was done more than thirty-five years before the canning of fruit was commonly practiced.

In the household everything was done in time, and nothing was neglected. She was equal to any emergency which arose, and never yielded to difficulties.

Among my earliest recollections is that of a vagrant who called at the house, and ascertaining that Mother was alone, except a small bound boy, myself and younger brother, became abusive and insulting. He undertook to interfere with her work, and while she had in her hand a pair of large kitchen tongs he put his fingers on some article she wished to move near the fire, and she jammed them with the end of the tongs. While he was snapping his fingers with pain Father came home, soon comprehended the situation, led the fellow to the road, and horse-whipped him fearfully.

On another occasion a harmless lunatic

called, and was allowed a place to sleep on a mow in the barn. In the morning Mother prepared a large bowl of bread and milk, and went to the barn with it, with me at her side. The man took and ate it with evident relish, and when he had finished it, he handed back the bowl with the remark, "one—quart—more—madam—if—you—please."

Similar incidents were of frequent occurrence.

Besides managing a large household, she used to spin on a small wheel flax, which was woven into linen. She also carded into rolls, and aided in spinning, on a large wheel, all the wool which was used in the family. I well remember the first "Jenny" which was brought into the neighborhood. It was upright, and would spin twelve threads. Father purchased it, and with it was spun the yarn for carpets to cover all the rooms, but the parlor. The carpeting was all woven in the house, and by members of the family. Some pieces of it were in use until a very recent period.

My Mother was unusually mild and amiable.

She had clear convictions, and decided opinions, but always expressed them so as not to offend others. I question whether she was ever heard to speak a harsh word to anyone. She was fond of social intercourse, and enjoyed cheerful conversation. With all her cares and labor she found time to read, especially religious literature, and to correspond with her children. The rudest and coarsest men who were employed by Father were influenced by her considerate kindness, and her constant exhibition of Christian graces. From early life she was a Christian and church-member.

On looking back, and recalling her slender and delicate figure, and realizing that she bore thirteen children, and raised eight—managed a large household, and performed so much labor, I am appalled, and wonder that she did not die at middle life. But the vitality and physical endurance, the even temper and quiet determination, which she inherited, enabled her to reach the extraordinary age of 89. She died August 6, 1866, and was buried at Sauk City, Wisconsin, by the side of her husband.

ASHER BATES.

Uncle Asher came to the West with the residue of the family in 1791, when he was about thirteen years of age. I never heard anything in regard to his early life. He left Canandaigua, and settled between Caledonia and Leroy. He married a daughter of Elisha Steele, of East Bloomfield, and kept a public house. He was appointed Sheriff of Genesee county in 1808, and died in 1810. The other members of the family were very strongly attached to him, and were unusually affected by his death. I have heard my Father speak of him as a very fine reader. His widow married Dr. Sheldon, a prominent physician in that part of the country, and living in Leroy.

PHINEAS P. BATES.

Uncle Phineas was about ten years of age when the family came into the "Genesee Country." He soon became acquainted with the young Indians, who were his playmates, mastered their language, and learned all their games. As he grew up to manhood he be-

came powerful and athletic, so much so as to excel the Indians in strength and activity. This did not produce any jealousy on their part, but rather admiration and respect. A mutual attachment grew up between them, and the idea of joining and living with them more than once occurred to him.

In 1800 he was the mail carrier between Canandaigua and Fort Niagara. It was a weekly mail, and required about six days to make the round trip. He regularly stopped with the Indians at Tonewanda. In speaking of some journey at that early day, I heard him state some of the peculiarities of Indian hospitality. Among other things he said that whatever was offered must be accepted. The guest must partake freely of whatever dish was presented, whether it was savory or not, or whether the cook had observed the common rules of cleanliness. He stopped one pleasant evening in the Fall, where a hunting party was encamped. The night was clear and mild, and it would have been a luxury to sleep in the open air under a tree; but at bed-time

he was shown to a brush tent, in which the Indians were lying on the ground, and to a narrow spot between two large and rather greasy specimens—and unpleasant as it was, he had to accept the couch, as giving it to him was regarded a compliment.

He was very observing, and clear in his narratives. He understood the Indian character and peculiarities, and was possessed of many incidents and anecdotes which illustrated them. His son John often alluded to them, but they were not preserved, because the interest now attached to them was not then appreciated.

Uncle Phineas was married to Sarah Gould, in Canandaigua, Dec. 7, 1806, and they occupied the homestead with Grandfather during his life. From their marriage until about 1830, they kept the public house which was opened by Grandfather. Under their management it was the popular house of the village, and had extensive reputation among travelers. Many of the comforts of it are sought in vain in modern hotels.

At the commencement of the war of 1812, he was an earnest supporter of the Government, and neither he nor his brothers had much patience with, or charity for, those who opposed the war. Down to this period, Uncle and his family attended the Congregational Church, of which Grandfather was a member. After one of the early battles of the war, probably the attack on Sacket's Harbor, the minister of that church, who was opposed to the war, in one of his prayers on Sunday, indicated that he would rejoice at the defeat of our army. Uncle was so indignant that he left as soon as the disloyal sentiments were uttered, using language on his way out, not altogether appropriate to public worship. Party feeling was very intense, and he did not attend that church afterwards. He, Mr. John C. Spencer, and a few others, then commenced the building which was occupied by the Episcopal congregation until a few years ago. He was more influenced by a desire to reprove the disloyalty of the Congregational Church, than by love for the Episcopal. He said he was resolved to

attend a church in which the minister is required to pray for the Government and all in authority. He attended that church quite regularly from that time until his death.

Not long after the commencement of the war, he volunteered, and was appointed on the staff of General Peter B. Porter. A day or two previous to the sortie from Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, he was selected to reconnoitre the country, and select the best route to reach the rear of the enemy. This service was so performed that in the report of the commanding officer he was highly commended. He was in the engagement which followed.

He was also in the bloody batttle of Lundy's Lane, where Brock fell. The sash which was worn by Gen. Brock in some way came into the possession of Uncle Phineas, and he kept it for many years. I now have a long purse, made from it by Mrs. Armstrong, and presented to me. Uncle had the qualities of a fine officer—courage and coolness in danger however great—quickness of resolve, and firmness in execution.

After the war he returned to his public house and farm, and carried on both successfully. In 1818 he was a member of the Assembly. In 1819 he was appointed Sheriff by the Governor and Council. In 1822 he was elected Sheriff, and was the first one elected under the then new constitution. About this time he was also a director of the Utica Branch Bank.

In 1826 William Morgan, of Batavia, a member of the "Masonic Fraternity," prepared for publication a pamphlet, in which all the proceedings, the grips, signs, oaths, etc., which pertain to the first three degrees, were fully and accurately set forth. Before it was published the Masons were informed of the purpose of Morgan. Every expedient was resorted to, to prevent the publication and destroy the manuscript. A man from another State was procured to gain the confidence of Morgan, and get possession of his papers. An attempt was made to burn the printing office of Miller, who expected to publish the pamphlet. Mobs were collected to seize the printing office, and it was saved only by the presence

of formidable fire-arms. Other means having failed, a pretended criminal charge was preferred against Morgan in Ontario county, by one N. G. Chesebro, of Canandaigua, and he was brought to that village, but was promptly discharged by the Magistrate. He was then arrested for a pretended indebtedness in a small sum, and immediately confined in jail. A night or two afterwards he was taken from the jail by Masons, gagged, and probably drugged, conveyed in a close carriage to Fort Niagara, confined in the magazine a short time, and from it taken out into the river, and drowned. This was done by Masons, in pursuance of Masonic oaths. It was known to the Lodges of Western New York, and never condemned, but on the contrary approved. Many were tried, and some were convicted in defiance of very strong testimony by Masons, and of every effort of the society to screen the guilty. Some refused to testify, and were imprisoned for such refusal—some so testified as to shock just and truthful men.

Morgan's pamphlet, and other books giving

information in regard to several degrees and orders known at that time, were published in 1826 and 1827. Their accuracy could not be questioned. Many persons studied them, and passed themselves for Masons, who had never been in a Lodge. This was so common that Masons could not safely recognize the signs, unless they had a personal knowledge that he who gave them belonged to the order. On the trial of the conspirators the fact was disclosed that three persons—King, Whitney and Smith—were concerned in taking the life of Morgan, and had fled to the South. King was at Fort Towson, in Arkansas Territory. The circumstances were made known to Gov. Clinton, who immediately appointed Joseph Garlinghouse, then Sheriff of Ontario county, to go after the three, and particularly King. Mr. Garlinghouse consented to go if he were allowed to select two companions. This request was assented to, and he selected Uncle Phineas and Marshal Meade. The whole arrangement was made secretly, and was not known beyond a few members of the family of

each person. Fort Towson was a military post, in the wilderness and beyond any settlement. Gov. Clinton procured an order from the Secretary of War for the surrender of King. When all was ready, and the papers were in the possession of Garlinghouse, they started from home in the night, and in disguise. Notwithstanding their precautions and care, they discovered, at Louisville, that by some means they had become known, and were not a little surprised to see a description of themselves with a reference to some very small gold ear-rings which Uncle wore, and which many of his friends did not notice.

Where they left the river I do not know. But the country was so new, that from that point there was a continuons forest, which could only be traversed with a guide. They procured one by the name of Landers, whose Christian name I think was Clarke. I saw him afterwards at Uncle's. He was as near the counterpart of Cooper's Leather Stocking as any man I have ever met. He was kind and brave, uneducated, but thoughtful, and by

intercourse had gathered a share of intelligence. He conducted them on their way to Fort Towson. They camped out at night, and lived on game. During the journey Mr. Garlinghouse was taken with a severe attack of bilious colic. He supposed he could not recover, and placing himself in a sitting posture against a tree, he said to his companions that it would be painful for them to see him die; that they could do him no good, and they had better go on, and leave him. Landers, who was a little skilled in the use of roots, gathered some, prepared and administered them. As a result, or as a concurrence of circumstances, the patient revived, and in a short time was able to go on. In time they reached the fort.

Mr. Garlinghouse, who had possession of the papers, went to the commanding officer, the others remaining outside, so as not to attract attention. He produced his authority, and learned that King was in a store in the fort. Mr. Garlinghouse was detained a considerable time by the officer, who was a Mason, and while he was with him the officer sent word to King

that persons with a requisition for him were in the fort, and aided him to prccure a horse, and to escape. Before the proper papers were placed in the hands of Garlinghouse by the commandant, King was in the forest, and beyond the possibility of arrest. The officer obeyed his Masonic obligations, and secured the escape of a criminal.

Their errand then became known, and their persons identified. There were many Masons in the fort, and wherever there were Masons there was danger. The three kept together, and their appearance and bearing secured them against assault.

From the fort they went to New Orleans, thinking it possible the other two might be in that city. While there they were closely watched, and frequently followed. It was not safe for them to separate for any purpose. They were threatened by a company not unlike a mob, and one of the three stepped forward, and said they were ready for any emergency, and if there was any disposition to attack them, to come on. Three more de-

termined and formidable looking men never faced a mob, and their coolness, courage and evident intention to take life in self-defense, saved them from death at the hands of Masons. Members of the order in the fort, far away in the Western wilderness—and in New Orleans, two or three thousand miles from the scene of Morgan's murder, obeyed their Masonic oaths, and threatened the lives of officers who were in pursuit of murderers.

The search was fruitless, and from New Orleans they returned to Canandaigua. Some proceedings were instituted against the commander of Fort Towson, but Clinton died in the meantime, and there were Masons enough in office to screen him from any penalty for obeying Masonic oaths rather than the laws of the land.

It is probably fortunate that they did not arrest either of the criminals. Any attempt to arrest and take them to New York, would have been at the sacrifice of their own lives.

After this, Uncle Phineas was not engaged in any public employment. He lived many

years in the homestead on Main street, and then removed to Brookside, a beautiful spot on his farm, where he died Dec. 12, 1857, aged 76.

He was much above the average of men. His manners always indicated the gentleman, and commanded respect. He had good conversational powers, and was always an agreeable companion. His old age was peculiarly beautiful. He had then little of the impatience of middle life, and with each year the asperities which are common to the young and middle aged, while engaged in life's struggles, gradually disappeared. His whole character was softened, and during his last years his feelings of kindness towards all men predominated, and were apparent in his conduct and conversation.

SALLY GOULD BATES.

"Aunt Sally," as she was familiarly called, was loved and respected by all who knew her. She was ambitious and had an unusual share of energy. She possessed those qualities of self-reliance, discretion and judgment which

fitted her for the period during which she lived.

Her Mother—"Grandmother Gould"—I remember well. When very old, and quite deaf she was fond of young society, was bright, cheerful and entertaining. She and her husband had removed from Old Lyme, Conn., to the Wyoming Valley, and were living there at the time of the massacre. Her husband was away from home. She escaped on horse-back with two of her children in the night. They then returned to Old Lyme, where Aunt Sally was born Nov. 15, 1780.

She came to Canandaigua when she was 18 years old, and became a member of the family of her sister, Mrs. Luther Cole, and was married at the house of Mr. Cole. If we may trust the judgment of Uncle Phineas, she was then "a mighty pretty girl, and had the neatest foot and ankle of any girl in all that country." She had health and strength, and, according to the same authority, "she could wash all day, and go two miles to Eldad Clarke's, and dance all night."

During a considerable portion of her life she managed a large household with unusual skill. She was the mistress of a public house, favorably known from Albany to Buffalo, during the early settlement of the country, and under difficulties which cannot now be fully appreciated. At that time little could be left to the judgment and care of others, but everything required her special supervision.

She was anxious that her children should have all the advantages of education and good society which that country then afforded, and she succeeded in accomplishing her purpose. She was the oldest communicant of St. John's Episcopal Church in Canandaigua, and continued to be a member of that church during her life. Her religion was a part of herself, and entered into all the relations of life. As she advanced in age, she became more and more weaned from the world. After Uncle's death I was at one time walking along the upper part of Canandaigua with her, and she remarked that she was going to the cemetery, and that she had more friends there than among the living. A

few moments afterwards, and as we were about to separate, she added, with her finger pointed towards heaven, "I shall soon be going home." The attitude and expression impressed me then, and has scarcely yet lost its effect, though many years have come and gone.

One of her strong characteristics was her love of helping the needy and unfortunate. She aided many youths in homes of poverty, in preparing for usefulness in homes of their own. She spent much of the latter part of her life in acts of benevolence, and was particularly interested in the colored people. She was generally known among them, and was regarded by them as their especial friend.

She died at Buffalo Oct. 4, 1863, at the advanced age of 82, and was buried by the side of her husband in Canandaigua. Her life was long and well spent. She had discharged her duty, accomplished much, and was ripe for Heaven.

PHEBE BATES.

Aunt Phebe was born in Hartland, Conn., in May 1786, and came West with the family.

She afterwards married John A. Stevens, and lived in Canandaigua until her death in September, 1825. I remember her, but cannot recall her looks, and know nothing of her peculiarities. Her husband, after their marriage, and during her life, was the editor of a weekly paper called *The Messenger*, if I recollect correctly.

DAVID C. BATES.

Uncle David was the cheerful, joyous member of the family. He was born in Canandaigua Feb. 18, 1794, and was the second white child born in that settlement. He grew up where he was born, and encountered all the hardships which ordinarily pertain to frontier life. There were few incidents of his life which were not common to all, as when he came to manhood the country was settled and improved.

He was a volunteer in the war of 1812, and was of the party which expected to cross from Black Rock into Canada, but the expedition was abandoned after the troops were in the

boats. He was once sent as a teamster to haul a cannon to Buffalo. He was directed to leave it at a specified place. When he reached the spot he was directed to go to some other point, perhaps back to the place from which he started. This disturbed his impetuous temper, and he addressed the officer in terms which were not very complimentary. He was ordered under arrest, but before the soldiers reached him he had unhitched his team, mounted one horse, and leading the other, was soon without the lines, and on the road to Canandaigua.

He married Sarah Cole, a niece of "Aunt Sally Phineas," and Grand-daughter of "Grandmother Gould," in 1822. He purchased a farm about two miles out of Canandaigua, where he and Aunt lived until his death in 1849. He was a successful and prosperous farmer, was highly respected, and a great favorite on account of his social qualities and cheerfulness.

He was a deputy when Uncle Phineas was Sheriff. He was also a supervisor. In his official positions he exhibited the family trait

of integrity, and a disposition to enforce it on the part of others. When supervisor he insisted that some persons who had long had the custody of the county funds should render a full and detailed account of their stewardship. It was a new demand, and was resented as implying suspicion. This aroused his determination, which was expressed in very emphatic language, and brought about the result with promptness, though with great unwillingness. His impetuosity was almost always sustained by good judgment, and was therefore generally efficient in the accomplishment of good.

He was one of the first farmers in his neighborhood who studied farming as a science. As soon as agricultural papers were established he took one, and induced some of his neighbors to subscribe for others. When this was done they soon began to meet and discuss the suggestions contained in their periodicals. Thus, while each improved himself, they improved each other.

In 1849 he went to Michigan to purchase a farm for one of his sons. The cholera was

prevailing in Detroit. He went home through that city, and when he reached Canandaigua in the evening, he was taken with the disease, and died before morning.

He was in height below the average, but he was muscular and powerful. His person was like that of his father, and according to my recollection, he resembled Grandfather in that respect more than either of the other sons whom I have seen. He had no malice, and little patience with untruthfulness or dishonesty.

SARAH COLE BATES.

"Aunt Sally David," as she was called by the relatives, was born in 1798, and was one of the descendants of "Grandmother Gould." Her parents lived in Canandaigua when she was married. Her brothers were leading men in Detroit and Monroe, Michigan. After her marriage, and during Uncle David's life, she lived on his farm near Canandaigua. Her habits and tastes were domestic, and though refined and intelligent, she preferred the quiet life of their farm home to general society.

She spent her life mostly at home with her husband and children, until his death, when she removed to Canandaigua, and died June 16, 1870. She was a member of the Congregational Church in Canandaigua as early as I can remember, and continued such as long as she lived.

The account of the three brothers, Stephen, Phineas and David, who lived nearly all their lives within a few miles of each other, and had frequent intercourse and dealings, is incomplete without alluding to their personal relations. From as early a period as I can remember, their attachment to each other was as warm and constant as I have ever known to exist between relatives or friends. It was never disturbed or diminished. It was manifested when separate as well as when together. They stood by each other in adversity, as well as prosperity. They were very entertaining when together, each having a keen sense of the ridiculous, and a reasonable fund of anec-

dote. Being very independent by nature, and independent thinkers, and also confident in their judgments, their concurrence of views upon subjects generally was not a little remarkable. Three more attached friends or brothers have rarely lived.

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Mrs Jaime Hanely My
Great Great Grandmother also
had a new set of teeth
for the third time about a
year after these changes.

Emma M Williams.

Oct-28 1915

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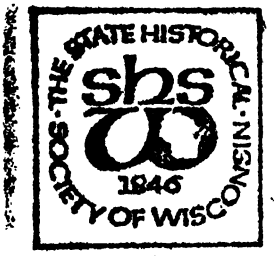

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